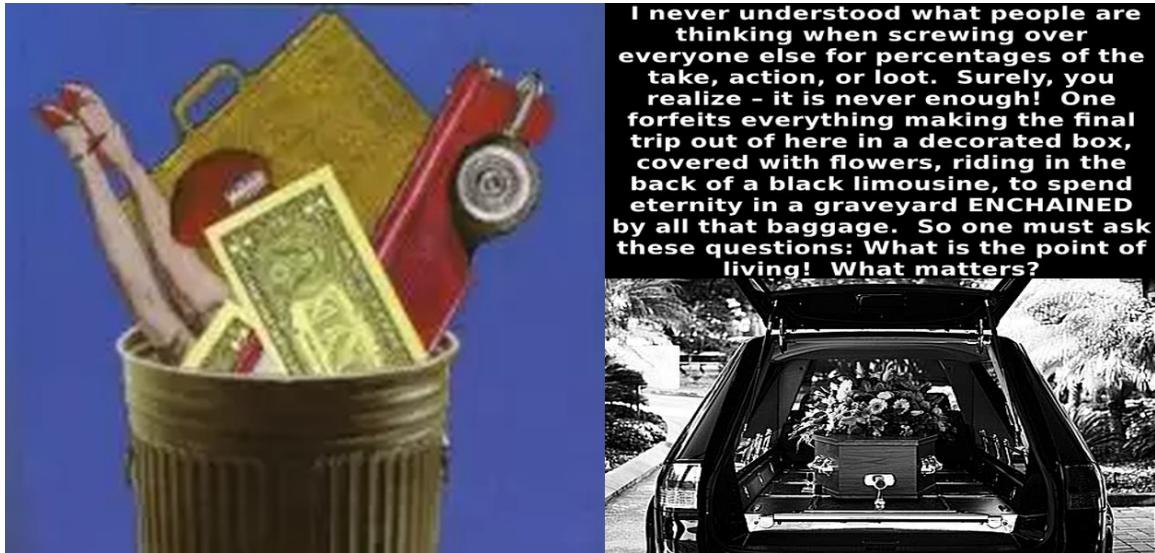


## The Monopoly.



*Education doesn't make you smarter.*

*My grandmother was a wonderful person. She taught me how to play the game Monopoly.<sup>™</sup> She understood that the name of the game is to acquire. She accumulated everything she could and eventually controlled the board. Then she would take my last dollar and always look me in the eye to say the same thing: “One day, you will learn to play the game.” My first summer as a newly minted college educated Feminist, I played Monopoly with a friend almost every day, all day long, and that summer I learned to play the game. I came to understand that the only way to win is to make a total commitment to acquisition. For me to win, someone else has to lose! I came to understand that money, possessions and power – are the way that you keep score. By the end of that summer, I was more ruthless than my illiterate, world weary, old fashioned grandmother... to win the game, I learned to bend and break people and the rules. I sat down with her to play that fall. I took everything she had. I destroyed her financially, psychologically, and spiritually. I watched her lose every dollar and quit in gross defeat. Then she had one more lesson to teach me. She said, “Now it all goes back in the box. All those houses and hotels; all the railroads and utility companies... All that property, political power, idealisms, highbrow education and wonderful money... Now it all goes back into the box.” But! I worked so hard to get it all; I do not want it to go back in the box! “SIGH\*!,” she said, “It’s all illusion; you wasted your life chasing illusions like this game; ‘mine’ is only illusion!... None of it is, was or ever will be really yours. Nothing in life really belongs to anyone at all; it never has or ever will. Nobody ever left here with a speck of anything from this place. You got all heated up about it for a while. But the game of life was around a long time before you sat*

*down at the board and it will be here long after you're gone: players come, players go – the game always ends the same: every player loses in the end; everything goes back into the box. Houses and cars... Titles and clothes... Even your body."*

*Suddenly, I realized the fact that everything I clutch, consume, hoard, fight, beg and compete for is going back into the box; I lose it all! Everybody loses in the end!!!! Therefore – ask yourself; when you finally get the ultimate promotion or meet the ultimate person, have achieved the ultimate education, when you have made the ultimate purchase, when you buy the ultimate home, when you have stored up financial security, power and climbed the Ideologue ladder of success to the highest rung that you can possibly climb ... and the thrill wears off – and it always wears off – then what? How far must you walk down that road before understanding where it leads?*

*I never understood what people are thinking when screwing over everyone else for percentages of the take, action, or loot. Surely, you realize – it is never enough! One forfeits everything making the final trip out of here in a decorated box, covered with flowers, riding in the back of a black limousine, to spend eternity in a graveyard-pit ENCHAINED to all that baggage. So one must ask these questions: What is the point of living! What matters?*

*Cancer is nature's way of thinning out the herds; it is totally equal, unbiased, non-subjective, non-denominational, non-ideological, unlawful, does not care about you or your feelings and nothing can change that; The Crab loves people. Once it's grabbed you with its pincers, it won't let go till you croak; 'straight from the operating table on to the morgue slab. everyone dies to face the maker; in only one visit, a person loses everything: all their personal status, reputation and plans for the future; the universe does not care; nothing matters; nobody feels your pain; nobody cares, either; life is worthlessly – pointless beyond that experience; when suddenly you realize that 'I lived that pointless experience chasing illusions' being true to others and not to self in toto; it is then when illusions of your whole happy life, so well thought out, so harmonious and useful, ends as a pile of dust scattered by the wind; sometimes you eat the crab; sometimes the crab eats you.*

*.....unknown.*

**THAT'S ALL FOLKS! OUT OF THE BLUE INTO THE BLACK ETERNAL.**

